



THE TRANSFORMERS™ SPOTLIGHT

ISSUE #1
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SHOCKWAVE



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NICK ROCHE

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SHOCKWAVE



He is one of the most feared and powerful DECEPTICONS, but where others are ruled by greed, ambition or an unchecked lust for power, his only master is cold, clear, dispassionate logic. Spur plus reaction equals outcome. This equation shapes and defines his thoughts and deeds. Infinitely patient, he sees the shape of things to come and so acts accordingly. His name...

...IS SHOCKWAVE.



THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT #1 SHOCKWAVE

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SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND META-CYCLES AGO, I SEE THE FUTURE-A CYBERTRON EXHAUSTED, DEPLETED OF NATURAL RESOURCES-A DEAD WORLD.

I DECIDE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

I DO SO UNENCUMBERED BY EMOTION OR SENTIMENTALITY, GROWING NEW SUB-ROUTINES DEDICATED SOLELY TO THE CORE ISSUE OF SURVIVAL. ULTIMATELY, I INITIATE A PROGRAM DUBBED REGENESIS.

I CONSIDER STRUCTURE AND FORM, ACTION AND REACTION, CAUSE AND EFFECT, BUT I NEGLECT TO FACTOR IN ONE FUNDAMENTAL UNIVERSAL CONSTANT-

CHAOS.

I TELL NO ONE. I
ALREADY KNOW I WILL BE
IGNORED, MY WARNINGS
DROWNED OUT IN THE
CLAMOR OF CIVIL WAR.

FIRST I STOCKPILE RAW
ENERGON, THEN I
REFINE AND DISTILL THAT
INTO A POTENT
ELEMENTAL CATALYST.

THE END PRODUCT
IS LOADED INTO
SPECIAL WARHEADS...

...AND LAUNCHED
INTO SPACE.

DISTANT PLANETS WITH A
SPECIFIC GEOLOGICAL
PROFILE ARE TARGETED...

...AND SEEDED.

THEN...



WITHOUT PROPER REGULATION, THE ENERGON REACTION WILL INEVITABLY SPiral OUT OF CONTROL.

FROM THIS POINT ON, I AM COMMITTED. THERE IS NO GOING BACK.

MEGATRON WILL BRAND ME A ROGUE, A TRAITOR, BUT SUCH CONSIDERATIONS ARE MOOT.

IN THE WAR I ENVISION, ONE OF DISLOCATION AND ATTRITION, RESOURCES WILL BECOME PARAMOUNT.

REGENESIS WILL ENSURE THAT I CONTROL THE BALANCE OF POWER.

ULTIMATELY, I SERVE ONLY ONE MASTER...

...PURE LOGIC.

PTIWOOD

EARTH ORBIT:

ANYONE HAVE
THE FAIREST IDEA
WHAT HE'S DOING
DOWN THERE?



NOT A CLUE, *SNARL*. THE HIGH CONCENTRATIONS OF ENERGON IN THE ATMOSPHERE ARE MASKING HIS MOVEMENTS FROM OUR SCANNERS.

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE CONNECTED, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU DON'T JUST STUMBLE ACROSS A PLANET WITH THAT KIND OF COMPATIBLE PROFILE.

TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, *SWOOP...*

...ALL THAT MATTERS IS HE'S ALONE... AND VULNERABLE!



I SMELL PAYBACK.

NOT SO FAST, GRIMLOCK. THOSE ENERGON LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE!

WE GO DOWN THERE WITHOUT SOME KIND OF PROTECTION...

...WELL BE IN STASIS LOCK IN NANO-KLIKS.



DON'T GIVE ME PROBLEMS, SLAG... JUST SOLUTIONS.

WE OWE THAT ONE-EYED FREAK.

"WE WERE AWAY AND CLEAR, BACK IN AUTOBOT-HELD TERRITORY. THE ENERGON CACHE WAS OURS. BUT NO, THAT CLOCKWORK PROCESSOR OF HIS TICKED OVER AND SPAT OUT ITS CONCLUSION. IF HE COULDN'T HAVE IT... NEITHER WOULD WE!"

"AND PRIME, HE JUST SAID TO FORGET IT! BUT I CAN'T..."

"WON'T."

SO FIND A WAY TO PUT ME DOWN ON THAT PLANET. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

WE END THIS... HERE.



THIS PLANET... IS IN FLUX. IN MANY WAYS, IT MIRRORS OUR OWN.

AS MEAN TEMPERATURES RISE, SO CERTAIN INDIGENT SPECIES-EQUIPPED FOR EXTREMES OF COLD-BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR.



EVOLUTION CANNOT KEEP PACE WITH THE TRANSITIONAL PHASES OF THE BIOSPHERE.

LACKING THE WIT TO COMPREHEND THEIR PREDICAMENT, LET ALONE ACT, THEY FACE CERTAIN EXTINCTION.



OUR RACE DOES, TOO. WE EITHER EVOLVE...

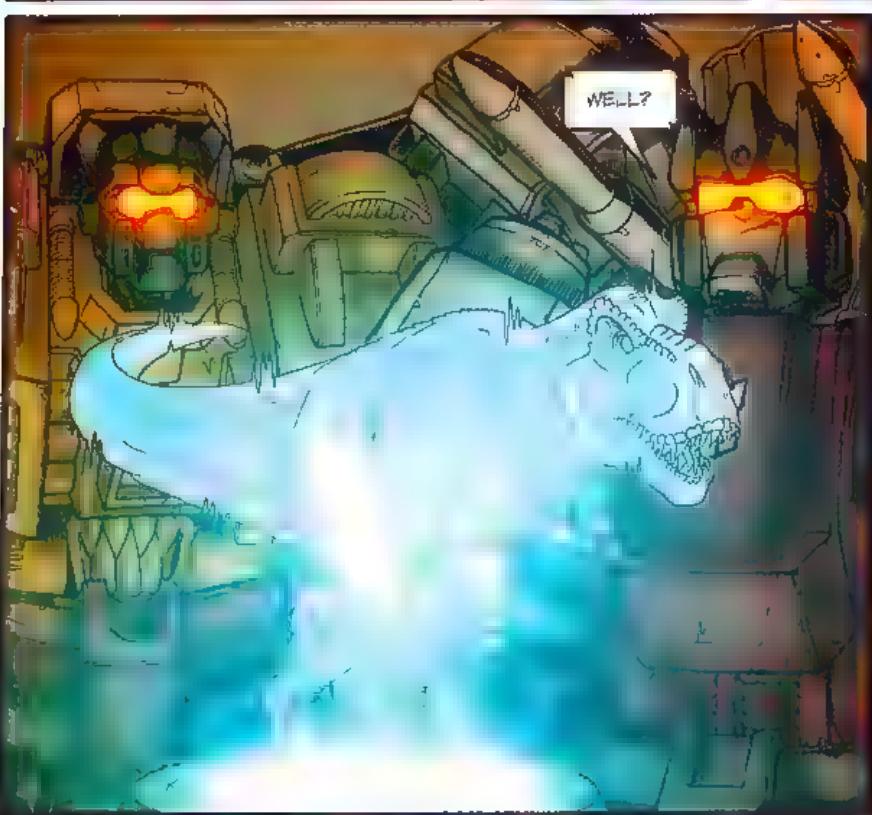


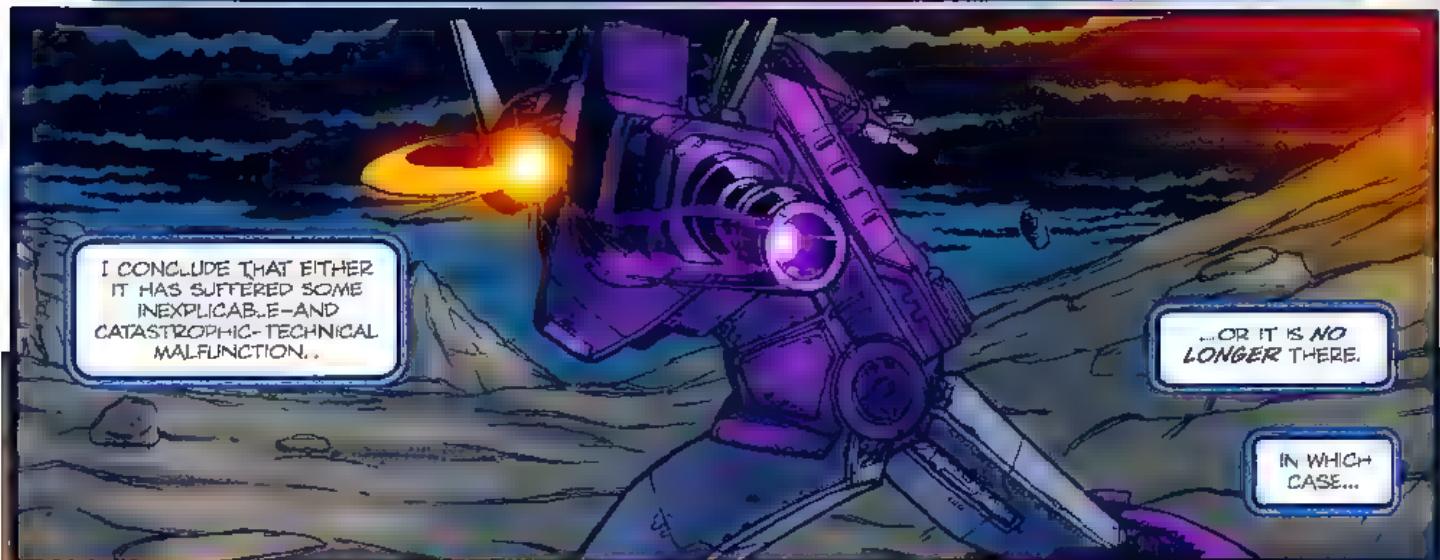
...OR DIE.

THE GLOBAL DAMPERS WILL REGULATE THE ONGOING GEOLOGICAL REACTION. IN DUE COURSE, THE NEW ORE SEAMS WILL SETTLE, BECOME INERT. ALL I NEED...

...IS TIME.







...ATTACK IS
INEVITABLE!

DYNOBOTS...

...BEAST
MODES!

MY ORDERED,
COMPARTMENTALIZED
WORLD...

...EXPLODES.

I AM IN FREEFALL,
STRUGGLING TO QUANTIFY
THE X AND Y OF THIS
PROBABILITY EQUATION.

I WAS EXPECTING
MEGATRON, OR IF NOT
HIM PERSONALLY—
ONE OF HIS TACTICAL
ASSAULT UNITS. THE
PREDACONS PERHAPS.

INSTEAD...
THIS. THEM.

I ATTEMPT TO
APPLY RATIONALITY
CURVES, LOGIC
FILTERS, AND FAIL.

RANDOM FRAGMENTS
OF AUDIO-INPUT
BEGIN TO IMPRINT
ON MY REASONING
MEMBRANE...

...MADE JS
LOOK BAD...

...LAUGHING
STOCK.

THOO

KKRAKK

CRANK

...ENERGON
BURNS! TOOK
ALMOST A
DECA-CYCLE TO
HEAL UP...

VZAH

...ALL THAT
CAREFUL
PLANNING, AND
YOU JUST...

...HURT
US, WE
HURT YOU...

...NEVER
FORGET,
NEVER
FORGIVE.

VREET

THOOM

WATCHED,
WAITED

...AND A PATTERN,
OF SORTS, BEGNS
TO EMERGE

Fwoosh



THE INCIDENT IN SUB-SECTOR NINE—A RAID ON AN ENERGON S.O. I WAS DESPATCHED TO TIDY UP.

AND THEN IT HITS ME.

CLACK
CLACK

BOOM
BOOM

ALL THIS... IS
ABOUT REVENGE.

BRATT

MY LOGIC CENTER
TEETERS ON THE
BRINK OF SEIZURE.

TO HAVE RISKED SO
MUCH, COME SO FAR...
FOR NOTHING MORE
THAN WOUNDED PRIDE.

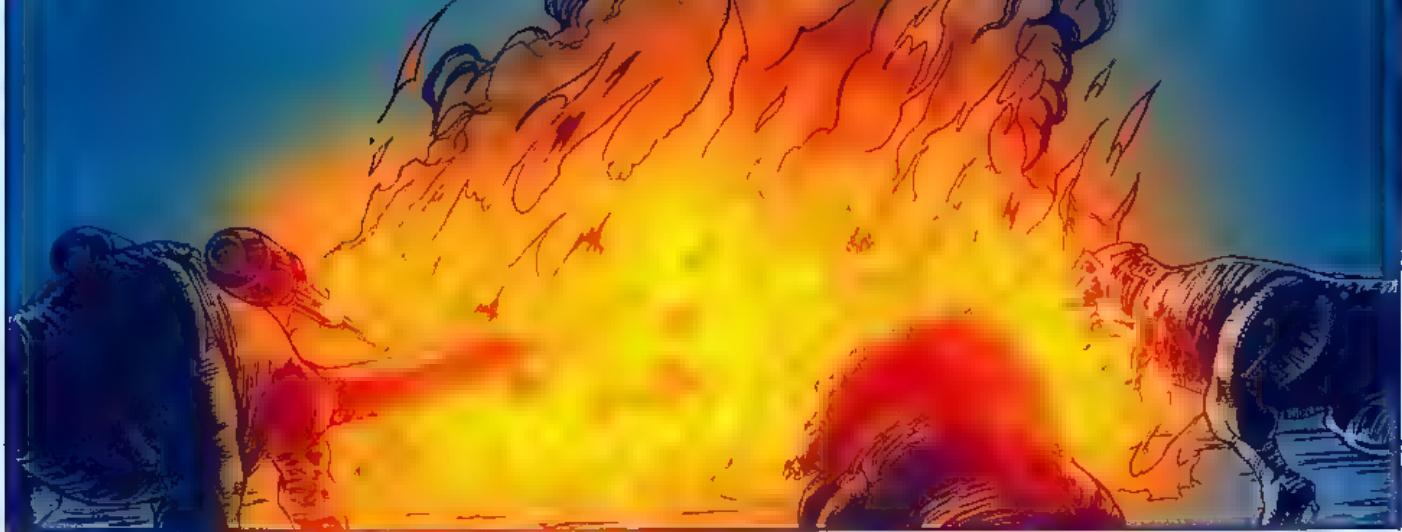
I...

CANNOT...

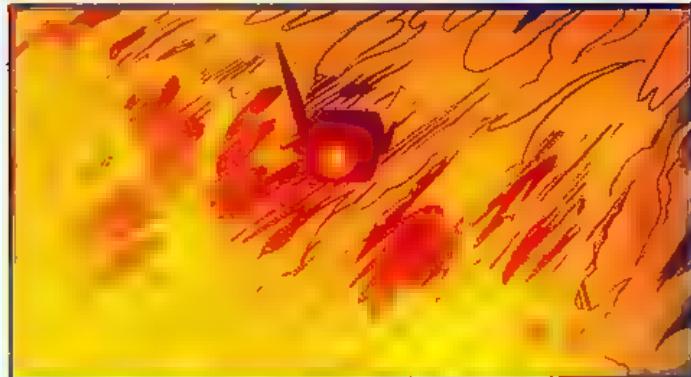
SHAK
SHAKK

BOOM

..



UNABLE TO
PROPERLY PROCESS
THE ANARCHIC
NATURE OF THESE
INDIVIDUALS...



...I SIMPLY SHUT
DOWN MY HIGHER
FUNCTIONS.

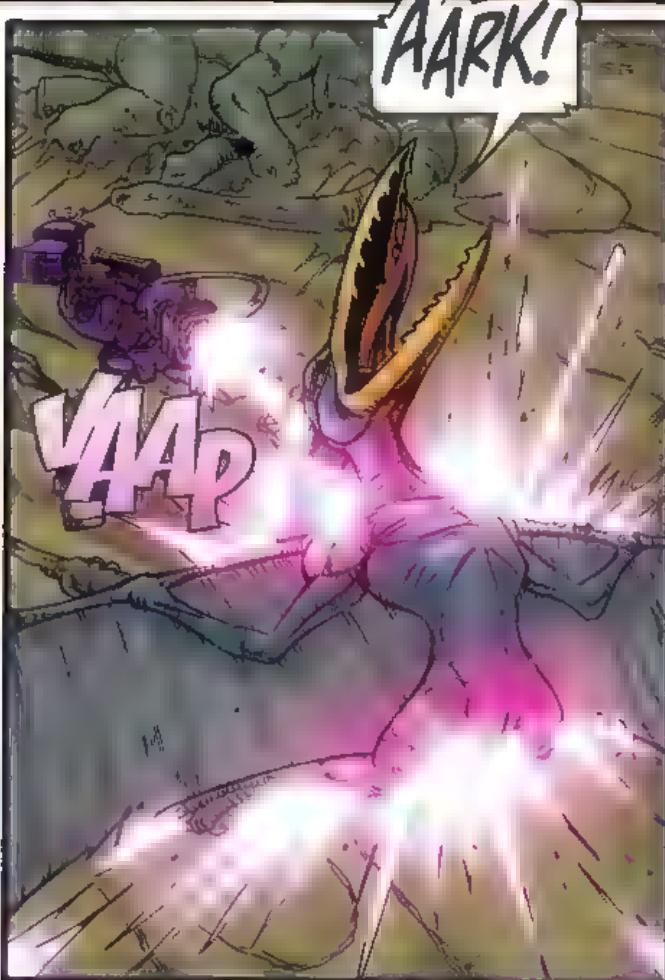
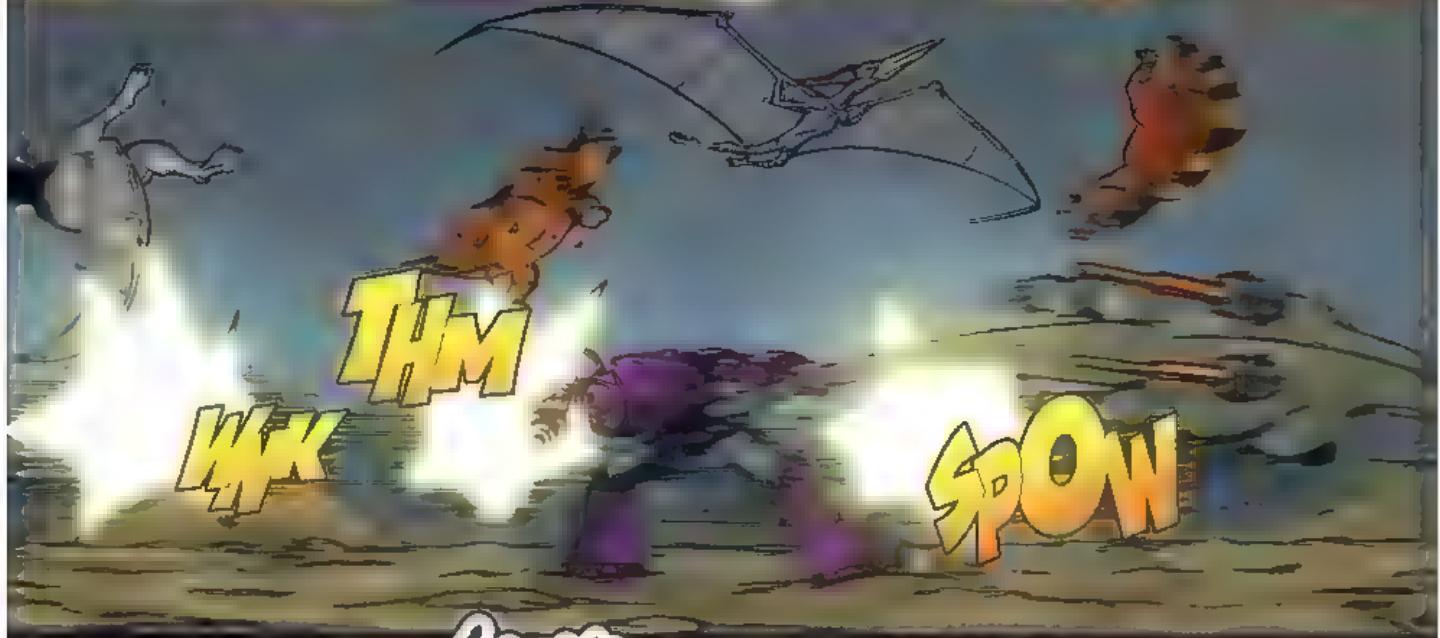
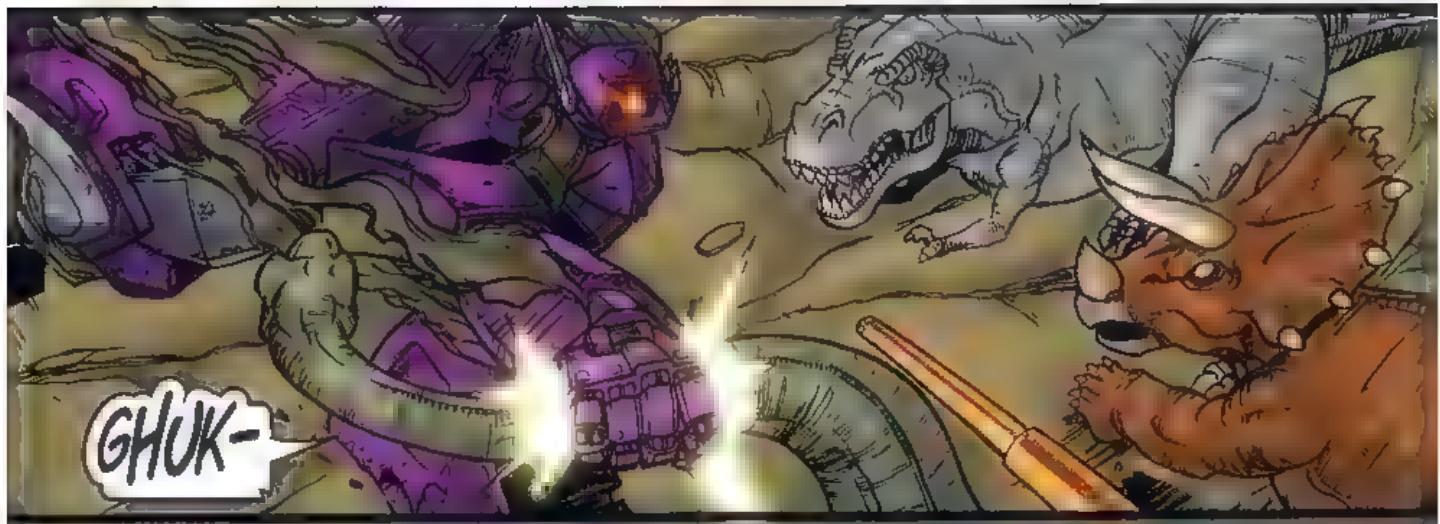
A NEW, PRIMAL
SUB-ROUTINE TAKES
ROOT, FACILITATING A
SYNTHETIC EQUIVALENT
OF RAGE.

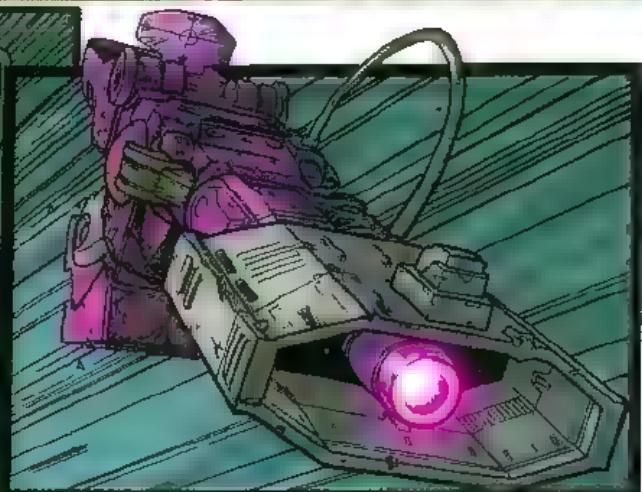
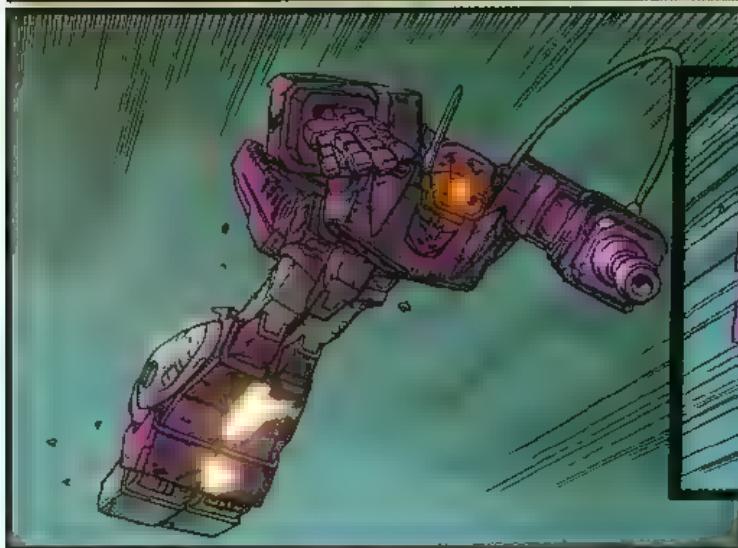


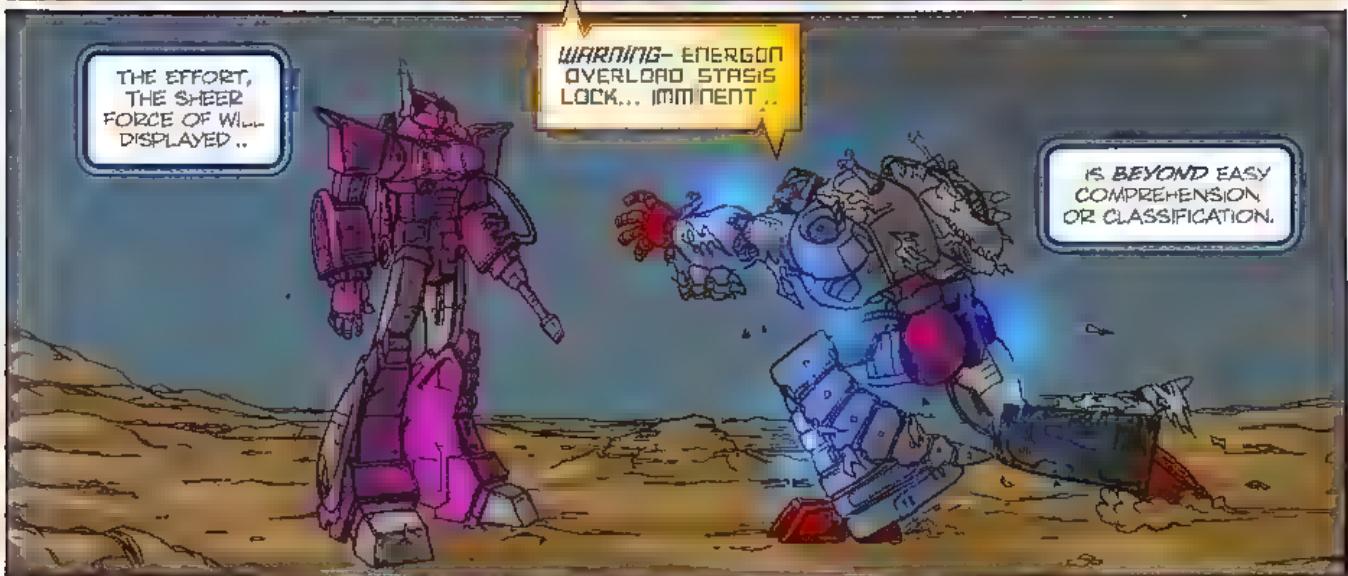
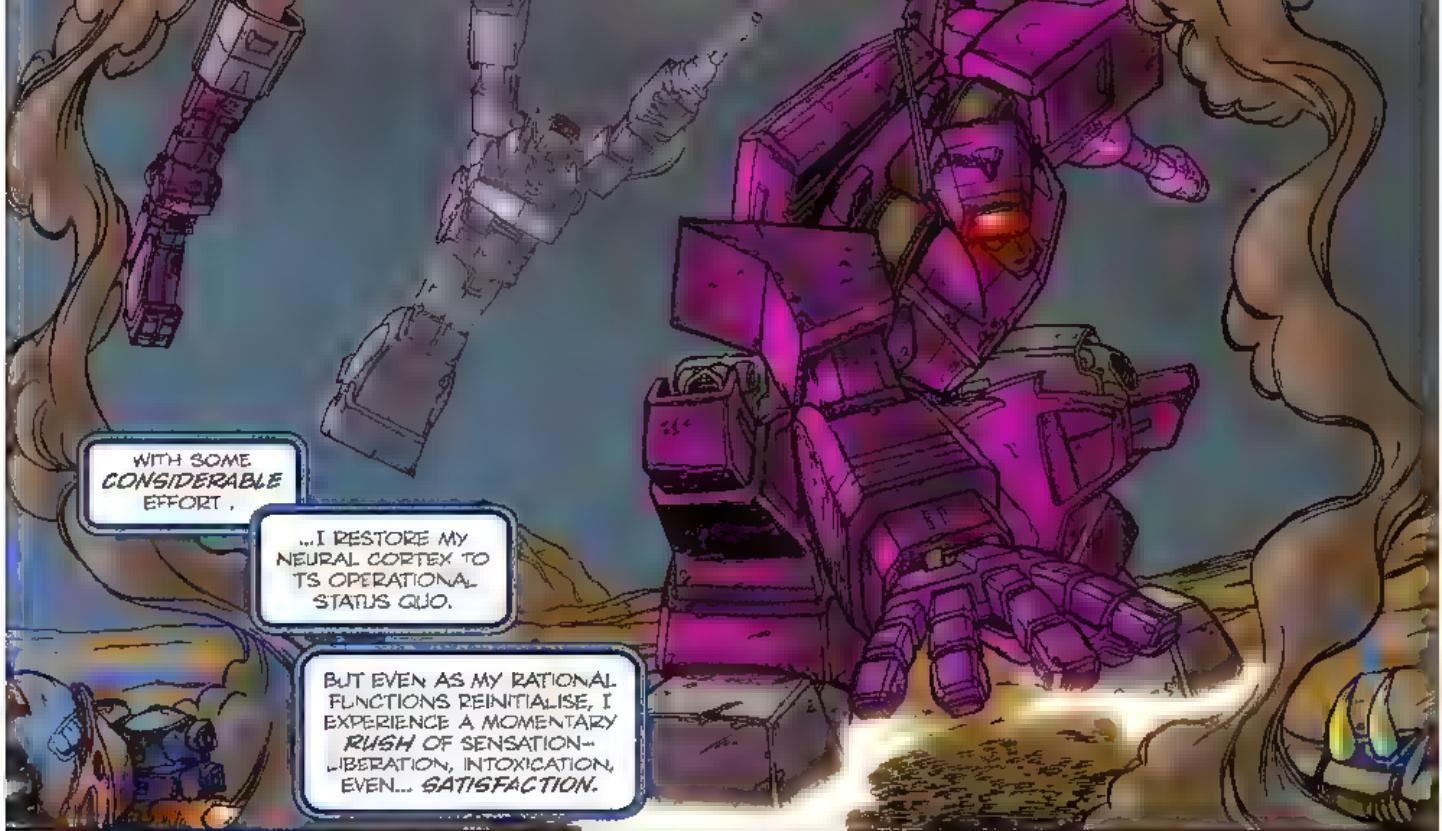
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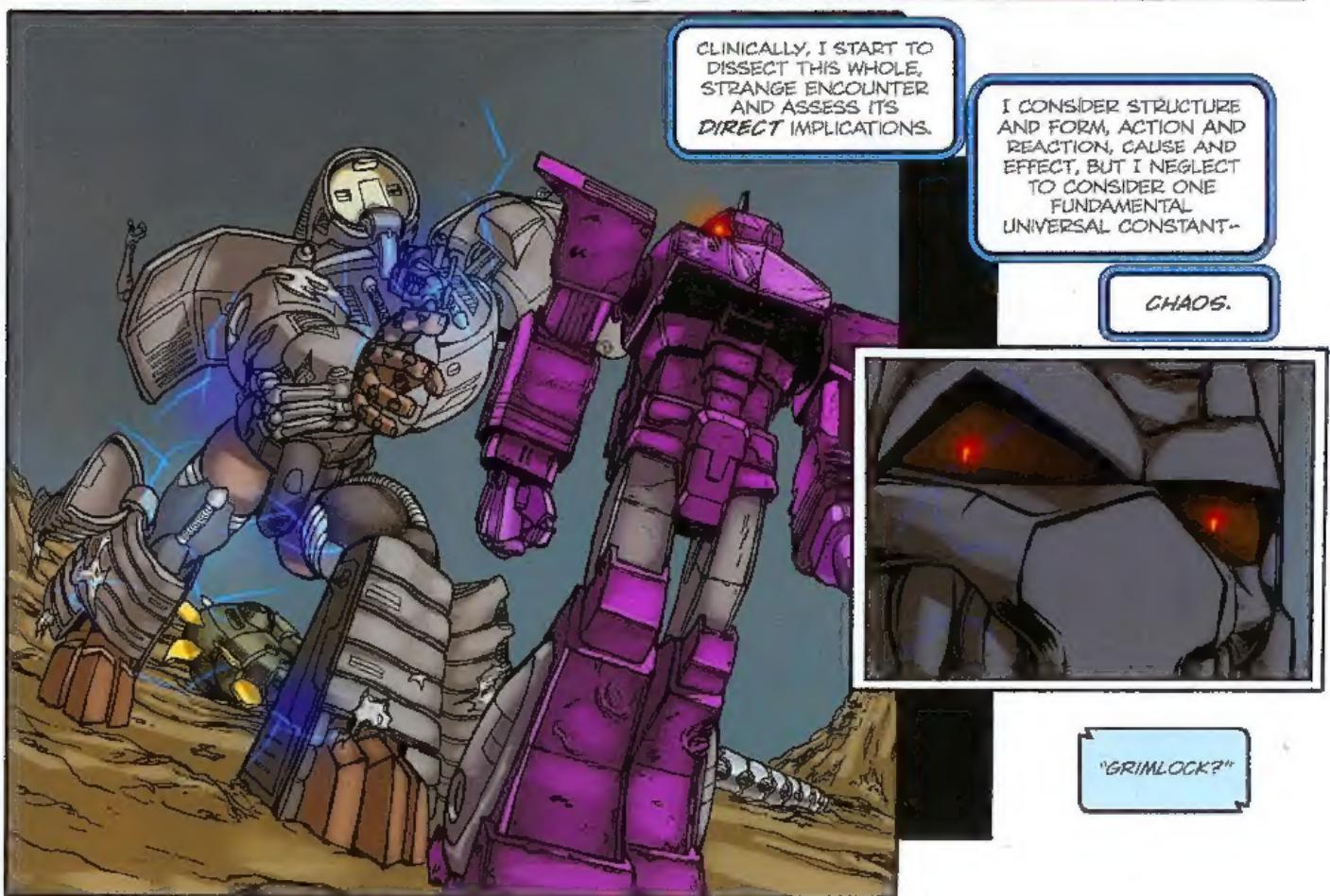
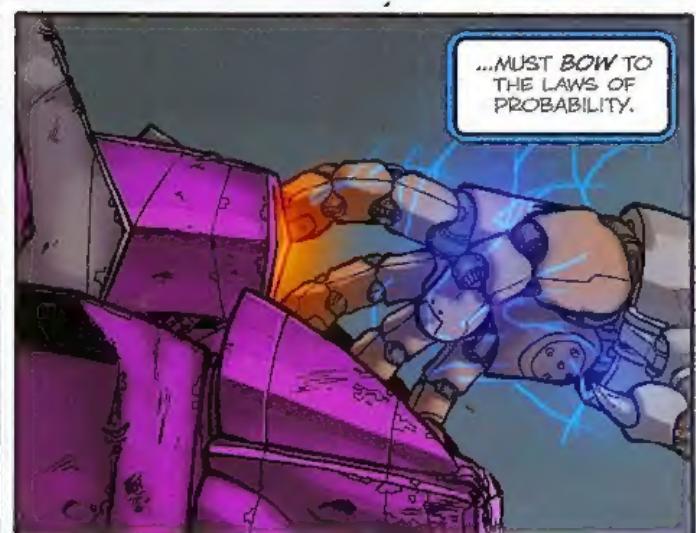
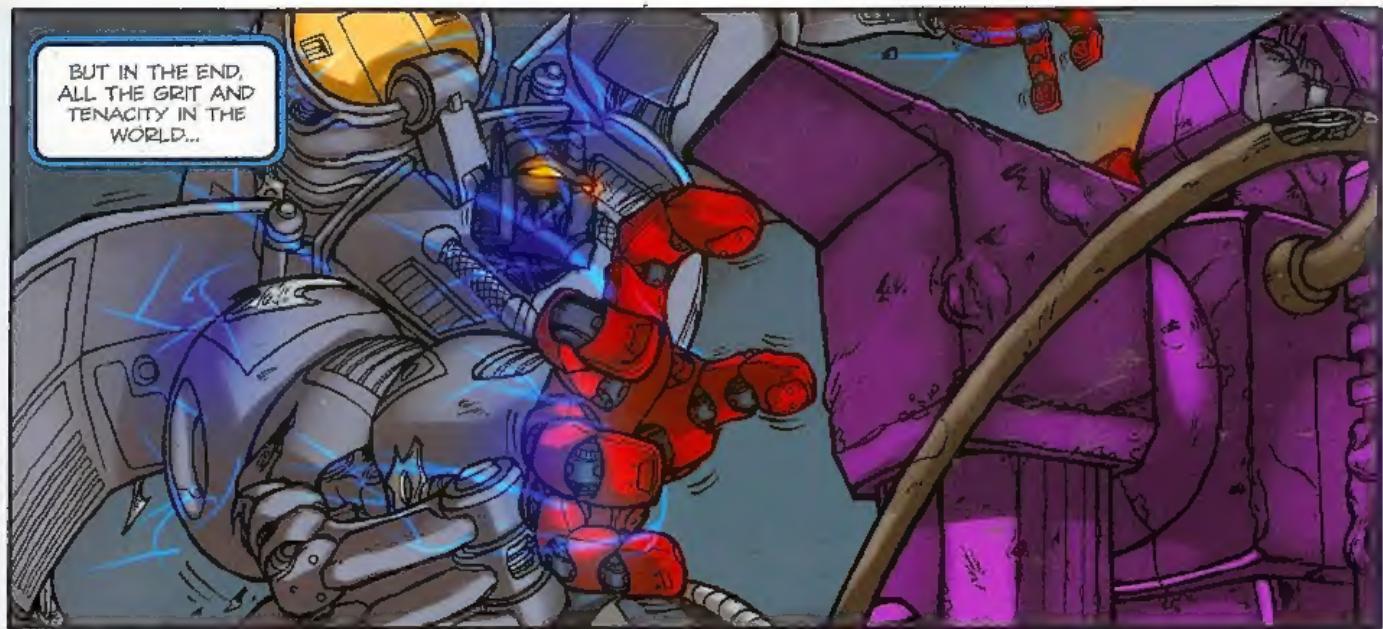
...EVOLVE.











WE'RE SET FOR THE DROP.

YOU COMING?

BE RIGHT THERE, SWOOP.

JUST ONE LAST BIT OF BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF...

THE DYNOBOTS HAVE A VESSEL, IN ORBIT. THOUGH UNDOUBTEDLY THE COMMAND SEQUENCES ARE ENCRYPTED, I WILL EVENTUALLY CRACK THEM. ALL I NEED...



